



CALIFORNIA GARDEN

IN THIS NUMBER

A WATER LILY STORY
MORE ABOUT SOILS
TIMELY ARTICLES

NOVEMBER, 1929

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A WATER LILY STORY

By Mrs. W. S. Thomas

Perhaps not everyone knows we have a San Diego blue water lily. And our genial Mr. John Davidson of Mission Cliff Gardens is responsible for it. At least, but for his thought, and love of flowers it never would have been in existence. Twelve years ago he was told of a wild blue lily growing in a little canyon jutting off Rose Canyon, about ten miles north of San Diego.

He was incredulous but went to investigate and was much surprised to find there *Nymphaea Elegans*, a wild lily native to Texas.

Mr. E. D. Sturtevant, founder of the first water lily nursery of America, at Bordentown, N. J., in 1876, was now living at Hollywood. To him we are indebted for many of our most beautiful specimens in water gardens and being a personal friend Mr. Davidson sent him roots of this wild lily.

Mr. Sturtevant crossed this with Zanzibarensis and secured a most gorgeous new variety. Specimens of the new variety were sent back to Mission Cliff. Blooms are often 13 inches across, a deep sky blue color with nearly white sepals, and a fragrance exceeding any other lily. It also inherited an extreme hardiness from its canyon ancestor, which quality had been hoped for. It blossoms later than other varieties and in fact the last blooms will hang on until February.

Six years ago I purchased some roots of Mr. Davidson. Asking its name I was told it never had one, and it was then I heard its history. But by this time Mr. Sturtevant had died and Harry Johnson had purchased the nursery. The next year Mr. Johnson was here exhibiting at our Flower Show. He said the new lily had not yet been named as there was not yet enough stock to place it on the market.

But the next spring catalogue came out proclaiming the fine qualities of "Blue Triumph." It has proven its name to be true. One year I planted two roots in a small wash tub. The leaves grew one and one-half feet in diameter with stems nine feet long, and fragrance from the blossoms can be detected six to eight feet away. But like all water lilies you must give it large growing quarters if you expect best results. It is not prolific in reproduction

but its other outstanding values over-balance that possible criticism.

This handsome lily is not the only thing for which San Diego is grateful to Mr. Davidson. For 27 years he has been the inspiration and life of Mission Cliff Gardens, unceasing in efforts to keep it at its best. With a genuine love of all beautiful flowers he was always ready to answer the ceaseless round of questions asked by eastern tourists, always the genial smile and handshake for friends till he has become to us not only the old friend but also a part of the Garden itself.

All San Diego mourns the closing of Mission Cliff which has been his pride, and is known all over the United States.

Everybody took his visitors there, and we say good bye with deep regret and our only hope is that the next owner will give us something that will partially fill the vacancy left in every heart.

Who is there in San Diego that has not walked through those grounds, happy in the thought that we lived where such a beautiful picture was open to us every day in the year. Then we went to the southwest corner, Inspiration Point, looked up and down the valley, at the peaceful farms way below us, across the canyon to the grandeur and stillness of the mountains.

And we came away with a feeling of bigness added to our souls, a rest to our hearts from the daily work and worries, a little more love and charity for fellowmen and a reverence for the greatness of Nature's Creator.

A LETTER TO K. O. SESSIONS FROM DR. LORINI

Dr. Raphael Lorini of Coronado left in April for a year's trip abroad, being a good gardener and very observing, he wrote me in July the following letter, which gives excellent and practical information for us to heed.

"I observed, throughout Southern France and in Brittany more particularly, that about every farm house and residence, usually near the barn or cow sheds a huge pile of brush, which appeared to me, seen from the train or the motor car to be too light to be of use in the fireplace, too coarse to be of use in bed-

ding down the domestic animals at night as weeds and other litter are used. This puzzled me not a little until I observed that this brush was everywhere, excepting in the extreme South, of one kind which I eventually recognized as the native "bruyere" or heath, which fairly covers all the unoccupied and waste land being even used as hedge material along the roads everywhere and to mark the boundaries of field and orchard. Wherever available it is used for the same purpose in the Italian and French Riviera but occasionally the native broom is used for the same purpose instead, upon further investigation I learned that these piles of brush as they dry shed their billions of tiny leaves, forming as they decompose the finest of leaf mould, known as "terre de bruyere," which no French gardener is ever without. It is, when suitably composted with soil and decomposed manure, the finest of material in which to raise the choicest flowers and vegetables. This compost may be considered one of the products of the farm as it is in great demand in the cities and by horticulturists and brings a high price.

I noticed also that dwarfed fruit trees are very generally used now by people of small means, sometimes planted along walls or in the open garden trained on iron wires. In France and England all these trees are grafted on dwarf stock, which I suspect is the medlar (*mespilus germanica*) which grows wild throughout northern Europe. I have seen some of these trained trees in old gardens, which must have been growing very many years judging from their size and extensive branching and yet were breaking out everywhere with lusty young shoots, most of which were flower laden.

Throughout the Austrian and Italian Tyrol it is evident that the trees used in the same manner are not budded onto dwarf stock but just ordinary fruit trees judging from their size and lack of control. There is scarcely a house or barn throughout these provinces that does not show several of these trees, peach, apricot, plum, cherry, apple and quince planted against the house or barn, even on the front of the house directly upon the public streets. But improper pruning results in scanty fruit; the trees sometimes are of such size and of such rambling habit that they cover the wall entirely or even shade the yard. The care of dwarfed fruit trees is a useful art which I have for a long time yearned to encompass and it is my intention to make a study of it when we visit the region of the Seine where many nurseries for their production are situated.

One of the most pleasing observations of our trip through England, France, Austria and Italy has been the love of flowers as shown, even the houses of the very poor, by the universal use of window boxes without and all

varieties of containers on the window sills within the house, filled to overflowing with geraniums, pelargoniums, petunias, carnations, nasturtiums and not infrequently tuberous rooted begonias, gloxinias as well as foliage plants like abutilons, aralias, with an occasional azalea. These plants are evidently cared "con amore," for they always seem to be in the healthiest and most floriferous condition. Wherever a little patch of unused ground is available on the premises one is sure to find more flowers growing lustily, not to mention a few vegetables such as broad beans, scarlet runners, onions, string beans, carrots, cabbage and lettuce. How different in these respects are the houses to be seen in any of our western or even eastern towns, among people of similar economic status!

We were all greatly surprised and interested in view of the comparatively recent discovery of the Sequoia Gigantea of California to find it growing in perfection, also not a few coast redwoods (*Sequoia sempervirens*). In many of the Pyrenees towns we found some fine specimens growing in the parks, notably at Mauleon and along the highways. The finest specimen of all is to be found in the Park near the famous grotto at Lourdes. It is absolutely perfect in form, not a branch or twig is missing, a beautiful dark green pyramid with a trunk at least 5 feet in diameter, 3 feet from the ground, I could find no one who knew even the name of the trees nor by whom they were planted.

We came to the Italian and Austrian Tyrol from Venice to escape the heat and being near the German frontier we came to the region of the Bavarian Alps and a day or two ago visited Oberammergau. We had an interesting visit with Anton Lang in his own home and learned from him that the 1930 Passion Play will be given next summer and we will probably revisit the place next May and witness the play. We are leaving tomorrow by auto bus for Austria en route to Switzerland where we will probably spend a month, after which Paris will be the goal, to my own joy and satisfaction, at least.

K. O. SESSIONS.

WALLED GARDENS

A wall about a garden is of more value for the small garden than for the very large garden. Why? Because it serves a double purpose; the inside of the wall furnishes an attractive and excellent support and background for many vines, both decorative and flowering with at least two if not three exposures. The four to eight-foot bed adjacent to the wall gives the best of opportunity for shrubs and color effects and the central portion for the lawn is reduced and yet is sufficient.

The second valuable asset of the wall is the fact that it gives privacy for the garden and the smaller the garden the more need of privacy. The only two arguments against a wall is first its cost and second the fact that the passing public cannot see all the flowers and beauty one possesses.

When there is no wall one can grow fewer plants in variety and have less beauty for the public to enjoy. If one will look at the garden wall of Mrs. Herbert Evans, at Randolph and Plumosa Way, San Diego, and observe the vines falling over the top of the wall and the excellent display of shrubs, roses, etc., in the 2-foot space at the base of the wall next to the street, they will certainly realize that a very fine display is there maintained for the general public to enjoy and they will anticipate the beauty that lies over the wall on the inside and wish for a wall about their own small garden.

The privacy of the walled garden makes it possible for the owner to live in the garden at all times and to entertain more often and this outdoor life is what we should strive to encourage more and more in this climate. The lath house Mr. A. D. Robinson encourages as an open air living room.

Of what are walls made? Brick, laid up in the Flemish bond pattern, as Mrs. Evans wall, left plain or stuccoed on outside only, to match the stucco house. A hollow tile wall, plain or stuccoed. In Loma Portal there are excellent plain tiled walls.

The wall about the Cross in Presidio Park is of brick and plastered to represent adobe, which all the old Missions of California used for their enclosing walls.

An adobe wall might be the cheapest if one had the proper soil near at hand and could make them in or near the garden.

The large garden has the room to plant hedges and so enclose a section of the garden without the roots of the hedge destroying other plants.

K. O. SESSIONS.

SOILS, GOOD, BAD AND INDIFFERENT

By Alfred D. Robinson

A matter of a year or so ago I talked before the Floral Association on Soils and at that time had a few facts and figures culled from various books and pamphlets, the result, several requests for this article, I am now attempting, having forgotten all my data. This, however, may render me more fluent as I have found I often say most about that which I know least.

This matter of soils is one on which the average gardener is surprisingly ignorant. He or she accepts almost anyone's word as to the contents of a sack or truck and will buy as leaf mold, for instance, totally different samples on following days.

The difference between a clay, at one end of the list, and gravel at the other end, is mainly a difference in the number of particles it takes to make up a given amount, clay particles are a very fine powder; gravel particles small stones. Clay takes water slowly and sets very firmly, gravel allows water to run through it quickly and remains open. Clay is what gardeners call a cold soil and gravel a warm one. Between clay and gravel we have silt, loam, and sand, all denoting number of particle content. And of course there are stiff loams and sandy loams and almost any combination you can think of.

To the straight soil are added other things that are of first rate importance for good or evil, such as humus, a good thing, and alkali, a bad one. Humus is that material which comes from a wet decay of vegetable matter, and which should be present in proportion of not less than three per cent to make a good soil. Our soils are for the most part lacking in this essential, as they would have to be with our small rainfall and long dry season.

Peat is almost straight humus and is imported even from Holland to this Coast to supply our soil deficiency and we have peat deposits of our own, such as in the Sacramento River Delta where huge quantities of asparagus are raised.

This has no pretensions to be an exhaustive article on soils, but merely has a dim hope to throw a bit of light on the subject as applied to home consumption, so to speak, and the foregoing is just preliminary.

The soils of our gardens around San Diego are very various, so much so that few plots could be found with the same soil throughout. To illustrate, I recently had to excavate for two feet, a space twenty by thirty feet. Generally it was hardpan but it contained pockets of coarse sand, a putty like clay and some loam and the hardpan itself was all kinds and colors from a soft sandy stuff, easy to pick, to almost hard rock that flaked off in small slabs. This is not for knocking purposes but to emphasize the need of preparation of soil before we plant a garden. There need be no shame in admitting this need for it is almost universal, there being no soil that is fitted for the best cultivation of all the things we grow in our gardens. You may have wondered why a nursery will have acreage in several localities instead of concentrating. It is done to get the heavy cool soil for one family of plants and the warm light soil for others, and this is the line of least resistance.

Generally speaking our soils are shallow, one to two feet to hardpan and this condition confronts us with the essential problem of drainage. A matter so allied to soils that I cannot refrain from a few words thereupon. I have recently watched the development of a

quite elaborate garden planting upon a hillside where the hardpan is close to the surface, at times right at the top. This has been covered with a superficial layer of fairly good soil mixed with manure and, for the larger things, holes were bored with an air compressor drill. The immediate effect was good, but it does not seem possible that with the irrigation necessary there can be adequate drainage. It would seem that the proper treatment in such case would be to build up the soil leaving the natural slope to take care of the drainage on top of the hardpan. Terraces would have to be used of course and planting confined to lateral rooting things.

Returning to our soil. In the making of our beds we should make them for definite purposes. A heavy cool soil for roses, a warm sandy one for carnations, a lime reaction for the latter, and an acid condition for Begonias and ferns. There are some soil or lack of soil conditions so hopeless that it is futile to attempt to modify them by putting in this or that, in which case there is always the possibility of building up on top of this with a good mixture. I know of cases where quite worthy folk have almost worn themselves to a frazzle putting into their hopeless ground, sand, leaf mold, manure, etc., mixing and digging and turning and the same material in a raised bed would have grown a splendid garden.

A good gardener with a lifetime of experience has been to me with a plaint that his vegetable garden has been a failure this season. For four years this garden has yielded well, it has had fertiliser in abundance, it has an automatic raining system, it has had good care but the corn has brought nubbins, the beans, strings, etc. I diagnose the trouble thus; our soil contains just about as much salts as it can stand and produce (a good chemist told me that). When we irrigate, especially by sprinkling, in the warm dry summers we concentrate the salts from some depth at the surface by evaporation till the balance is tipped and things won't grow. With a normal rainfall this surface surplus is carried down again but in dry seasons it is not, and we have had two dry ones. In a case like this, a heavy mulch might be helpful.

If soil is heavy, such as adobe, it calls for the addition of coarse sand, strawy manure, and wood ashes. I once visited a lady who had just had delivered to her a load of silt from the river to relieve her adobe, by her gardener(?). This was worse than ridiculous, it was criminal.

If soil be light and sandy add manure less strawy and some heavy soil. A very light sand will leach so quickly that plant food is carried away from the plants by irrigation.

Generally speaking, look with suspicion on soil from bottom lands, especially the much

touted black soil, it is almost always alkaline.

Leaf mold is not a universal solvent of all soil troubles. Taken straight, it is apt to prove too light and puffy, it needs some coarse gravel and loam to compact it, to hold moisture and allow of root action. Don't think it is a very rich soil, but add bone meal or other fertilizer.

Beware of the self complacency evidenced by the Statement, "Oh mine is such wonderful soil, it has never been used." This may be so, but it would be a safe bet that it is not.

NATIVE CITIZEN'S FAMILY REARRANGED

BERKELEY, Sept. 10.—There is no doubt that the little flower, *Lessingia Chamisso*, a member of the aster family seldom found outside of California, would agree with the popular saying that the first hundred years are the hardest.

One hundred years ago Adelbert von Chamisso, a botanist collecting in California, described a new flower belonging to the aster group which he had found growing on the sand hills of old San Francisco in 1816. He established thereby a new genus to which his name has been given.

Many Species Found

Since that time a number of other related flowers, undoubtedly belonging to that genus, but slightly different from the type species, have been found in California, particularly in the valley region of the southern part of the state. In all, various students have claimed twenty-nine different species of this wild flower. As a result, the *Lessingia* family tree has been very much mixed up, to say the least.

But this month, just one hundred years from the time Chamisso first published his account, the University of California department of botany has come to the rescue of the little plant, and investigated the claims of these twenty-nine species to kinship.

Many Are Imposters

As far as John Thomas Howell, graduate student, can discover, twenty-two of the twenty-nine are imposters. There are only seven real species in the genus *Lessingia Chamisso*, and sixteen sub-species. The remainder are not in existence. Some of the supposed species were found to be descriptions of the same plant at different stages in its life history.

Howell went into the matter systematically, visiting the districts where the more important species were discovered, and growing many of them in the University botanical gardens. He has given this wild cousin of the aster a definite place in the list of California's native plants. The study was made at the suggestion of Professor W. L. Jepson.

The Nov. and Dec. Gardens

By Walter Birch

Visiting the very successful rose show just put on by the San Diego Rose Society, listening to the interesting discussion of some of the visiting and local Rosarians of note, regarding rose growing and the comparative merits of the new and older roses now offered for planting, and taking note of the fact that it is now well on in the month of November, all remind one that it is time to prepare the ground for the planting of roses, which will begin in December or earlier.

Briefly and in a general way this means deep spading and plenty of good stable or cow manure. Many real Rosarians will trench deeply and manure heavily in bottom of trench, covering a few inches with soil, throwing in more manure on top of this, covering again with soil, and repeating the process until you have gone over all the ground to be planted. Some time before planting spade thoroughly again, in the meantime having kept ground well watered and cultivated to a loose open surface.

When planting your bushes dig large holes about four feet apart, cut off all damaged roots and plant bush to a depth of about two inches above bud, carefully spreading roots to a natural position, filling in soil with your right hand while holding bush in place with your left. Tread soil carefully around plant and water plentifully so as to thoroughly fill in soil around roots, cultivating surface when dry enough and mulching surface around bush with barnyard manure. At time of planting, bushes should be severely pruned back to the proper buds.

In selecting your roses, use nothing but healthy well grown bushes of good size, budded on Ragged Robin stock, taking care that they have been properly heeled in the ground in nursery yard, otherwise the vitality of the bush may be seriously impaired by exposure of roots to the air before you have planted it.

From the many good ones offered the following should be quite successful in and around San Diego, most if not all of them having already been proven so.

Dame Edith Helen, the queen of pinks. General McArthur, crimson. Golden Emblem, yellow, crimson stripes. Hoosier Beauty, red. Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, white. Cuba, new, orange scarlet. Feu Joseph Looeymans, new, buff, yellow and apricot. Hadley, deep velvety crimson. Lady Hillingdon, apricot yellow. Los Angeles, flame pink. Louise Catherine Breslau,

salmon red buds opening to flowers of orange pink glowing with orange and copper. Lady Margaret Stewart, new, buds sunflower yellow and orange scarlet general effect of fully developed flower being cadmium orange. Margaret McGredy, new, geranium lake or brick red. Miss Lolita Armour, chrome yellow at base, shading to bright salmon with copper suffusion. Mrs. A. R. Barraclough, new, enormous pure pink flowers, shading to yellow at base. Mrs. Lovell Swisher, new, salmon pink with deeper tones. Padre, coppery orange crimson. Rev. F. Page Roberts, new, buff yellow and rich salmon. Sir David Davis, new, deep glowing crimson.

There are of course many others of equal beauty and merit to be seen in the best gardens around San Diego. However, the point to remember is, whatever your choice may be, plant only good stock that has been properly taken care of, because it is the time and care spent in producing good roses that counts, and not the dollar or two you may possibly save in the cost of your bushes.

Talking of good sprays for rose bushes, Fungtrogen seems to be still the favorite spray used by Rosarians for mildew and brown spot. It is one of the newer fungicide sprays and, is also valuable as a fertilizer for the buds and foliage, many eastern Rosarians valuing it very highly as a means for helping to bring blooms and foliage to the finest condition for show purposes.

SAN DIEGO WEATHER DURING NOVEMBER

By Dean Blake

To many of us, November is the most enjoyable month of the year. The dry, invigorating, clear air is peculiarly zestful. Rarely has muggy, humid weather occurred during the month, and the few warm days recorded in the past have been attended by low humidity, and dry, easterly winds. Frost may form in the early morning in low places, and freezing weather usually ends the growing season in the interior.

Severe storms are practically unknown, and only four rainy days may be expected. The rainfall averages almost an inch, and varies greatly in amount from year to year.

Normally, sunshine is plentiful and clear days prevail for days at a time, and there is just enough variety in the weather to make the month one of keen enjoyment.

The California Garden

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EDITORIAL

Complaint that too much water is applied to shrubbery in the vicinity of the Fine Arts Gallery and that the excess moisture is seeping under the building and causing dampness in exhibition rooms was made to the park board yesterday by Reginald Poland, director of the Fine Arts Society.

John J. Morley, Park Superintendent, suggested to the park board that some of the dampness in the building might be alleviated by ventilation. He suggested that the building management is afraid to leave a door open to let in a little air. However, he said he would see that there is not too much sprinkling done near the gallery and the park board promised to go over to the building and inspect it next Thursday.

I have clipped the above from that Widow's cruse of information, The San Diego Union, not to take sides with the damper or the damped, but to serve as a text upon which to hinge another editorial criticism, and real-

izing its revolutionary character I am not hiding behind the Editorial "WE".

I suggest the possibility that our Southern Californian method of grouping shrubbery, etc., at the base of our buildings is all wrong both hygienically and artistically. The method implies that, of themselves, our buildings are incomplete, that near the ground they should be hidden. The amount of watering necessary to keep plant growth in good condition must contribute dampness to a concrete wall and is very unhealthy to a stucco one. Our average building would last longer and be more healthful to the occupant if no moisture were applied artificially around its immediate base.

It is by no means uncommon to see buildings with expensive, not to say elaborate, foundations, entirely hidden by a close growth of Coprosma for instance. A very large percentage of our professional residence plantings are a grouping of shrubbery right up to the house and at the sides of the lot with grass and some negligible features in between. The fact that material for planting might vary, though it does not very much, does not do anything to the argument.

Have we any of us stopped to ask ourselves why we all have this planting right up to our homes? Is there no escape from, "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be"?

It might help if we tried to figure out the why for the pair of Italian cypress close up to the front door, and so let it be said that these trees have succeeded the Phoenix canariensis palm of which a visitor to Southern California returning East wrote, "Twenty years ago a man planted two Phoenix palms, one on each side of his front door, and they have been doing it ever since." If these Cypress are planted for the house dweller they are so close to the wall they cannot be seen without a journey to the sidewalk. If they are planted for the passing public, and I fear this is the impelling motive of most garden planting, they would not only show in front of the house but would at times cast a pleasing shadow if set several feet forward. A few years ago I was listening to the words of wisdom falling from the lips of an architect while we looked at a well known and much admired group of buildings in La Jolla, and he mourned, "I have often told—(here he named the owner), that on this side, the building shouts for shadows." Mark, he said shadows not trees, of course he implied the latter but far enough from the building to cast shadows.

Then we have our vines, if it be true that a little paint covers up a multitude of sins, what shall be said of a large vine like the various Ficus, that starting out with streamers of delicate tracery like fine lace soon swamp everything, material, design, character. Every nursery person incorporates in his night-

Patronize the Garden Advertisers.

mares the question, "What vine shall I use over my porch, around my window, on the sunny side of my house?" And by their millions the vines creep up and over. When they grow old and thick and rooted not only in the soil but the very soul of their planter, the mealybug, and the scale, and the aphids, and the ants, hold jubilee and the form of query alters to, "What shall I use to spray my vine?" The answer and the chemical is ready and for days the windows cannot be opened for the smell and when the bugs are gassed the house must be painted.

Naturally this is only one side of the question, the rose nodding in at the window has a subtle appeal, the humming bird at the *Bignonia* blossom is undoubtedly a sparkling jewel and there are houses that should be hidden with vines and trees and anything else available,—if they cannot be torn down, but why not just for devilment if for nothing else, consider a house beautiful and complete in itself, so much so that the setting is secondary so long as it does not interfere. Supposing that no planting is made up to this house, that a walk is all round it made of colored earths such as would be in harmony with the house color scheme. There are many beautiful colored earths to be had right here, buffs, reds, blacks, whites. All the tall planting to be placed for the shadow effect on the building, and the rest of the planting to be done for the effect from the house and not the street, I dare anyone to do it and then live in it when done.

I lived north of here a long time ago when a flat roof except on a store building was practically unknown, and a neighbor cashed in on a large orange crop and his wife at once set about realizing her life ambition, a beautiful roof. She got an architect peculiarly cunning in roof designing and a very pleasing collection of roofs grew where one peaked ordinary affair had been before. Folks came long distances to look and admire, perhaps envy, and then trees grew up on all sides and there being no aeroplanes the roofing was in vain. Of course, trees could have been cut down, but they were not and it is the same with our plantings of today, the immediate effect plantings, which are too thick, often much too thick before the nurseryman has collected his bill. We won't thin, we won't prune, and we certainly won't root out a thing that cost us good money and took all this time to grow. Don't think I imagine it is easy to be different for in spite of the cry of the young, "Give us something different," few of them will have it when offered and after writing all this, and believing some of it, I remember that I have just taken down a big Monterey Cypress which for more than ten years with its shade rendered uninhabitable two perfectly good rooms.

VISITING THE SHOWS

It was nice going to the Chrysanthemum and the Rose Show on the same day. You couldn't find two flowers as insistent in beauty and yet so opposite in attributes. They have one quality in common, though, diversification of types, and it is a quality that adds a great deal of interest to both.

Both shows were exceptionally good although the Rose Show was given over largely to commercial and advertising exhibits which did not however, detract from its beauty.

At the Chrysanthemum Show, there were the tiniest of Button Chrysanthemums and the most extraordinary big ones. There were single ones and double ones and sem'-doubles. There were ragged ones and some that looked as if made of paper. And such a variation of colors and yet in yellow only, exhibiting one in the spectrum. There were reds, yes, but not the brilliant red we associate with the rainbow.

Nature employed her dreamiest artists to mix the chrysanthemum colors and they used no garish paints. The whites are delicately suffused with overtones of green or yellow; the yellows are soft and pleasing, the reds are dark and rich, the pinks and lilacs and mauves blend and merge.

And so even the largest, stiffest ones never look bold but dignified. Aristocrats they are among the flowers, serene, beautiful, stately.

The Erskine Campbells were as usual the largest exhibitors with blooms of surpassing beauty and size. I lost my heart to "Captivation" which looked like a huge bronze single aster with a great cushion of tiny petals in the center and a row of single bronze red petals around the edges.

Mrs. Jamie Owens, a dear, nearly sightless old lady, had a really lovely exhibit of the tiny varieties in all colors and sizes.

Mrs. Martha Daly of Ramona had an unusually comprehensive exhibit of all varieties of size, shape and color and Rose Court Floral had a fine professional display.

Not only did these and all the other exhibitors bring in their flowers with no prospect of material gain, but donated their blooms for sale when the show ended and it made of the affair a material as well as an artistic success.

We went from the Chrysanthemum to the Rose Show. Upon entering our Miss Matthews said, "You get a thrill from roses you don't get from other flowers, don't you think?" and I said, "I think I get the same thrill from iris," and she said, "Yes, they too are wonderful." But a perfect specimen of almost any kind of flower lifts one out of the sordid and commonplace into a moment of ecstasy not mundane.

The best rose in the show according to the judges was a superb Los Angeles and it was a real beauty.

Such coquettes the roses are, blushing and nodding and smiling. Even at their greatest dignity they are flushed and consciously beguiling, full of soft curves and softer glances, sweet odors and velvet sheens.

Thorns are necessary to protect their bewitching beauty from ravishment. Nature takes care of her own.

I think elsewhere will be found an account of the rose show more technical and more informed. I just feel sorry for those who did not see those two shows, exquisitely different and exquisitely fine.—N. K. B.

The following is the list of awards at the Annual Fall Chrysanthemum Show held Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 1 and 2, 1929:

Best Collection Florist Type: First, Martha Daly.

Best Collection Garden Variety: First, Martha Daly; second, Miss Mamie Cannon; special, Mrs. Jennie Owens.

Best Display Pompons: First, Mrs. Martha Daly; second, Mrs. Jennie Owens.

Best Basket: First, Mrs. Smeltzer; second, Mrs. H. A. Leffert; third, Mrs. Jennie Owens.

Best Vase, Bowl or Dish: First, Mrs. M. A. Greer; second, Mrs. C. B. Tuttle; award of merit, Mrs. F. S. Callander.

Best Bloom in Show: Blue Ribbon, Mrs. Erskine Campbell.

Best Display Anemones: First, Mrs. Robert Morrison.

BRIDGE TEA

The San Diego Floral Association will hold its annual Benefit Bridge Tea in the Floral Building in Balboa Park, on the afternoon of Thursday, November 21st. Bridge will be played from 2 o'clock until 4, after which refreshments will be served. Each table will have as a prize a beautiful plant. Guests will please bring cards, pads and pencils. Call Hillcrest 1550-J or Hillcrest 0890-W for reservations. The charge will be \$2 per table.

NOVEMBER MEETING

The regular meeting of the San Diego Floral Association will be held in the Floral Building in Balboa Park, Tuesday evening, November 19th, at 7:30 o'clock.

Mr. Walter Merrill of Point Loma will give an illustrated talk on "Rare and Beautiful Plants and Flowers in Lower California and Mexico." Mr. Merrill has about 75 colored slides with which to illustrate his lecture and will show plant life that has never before been seen in San Diego.

Refreshments will be served at the close of the meeting.

REPORT OF MEETING TUESDAY, OCT. 15

The regular meeting of the Association was given over to the iris branch of the society and was in charge of Mr. Tuttle.

Mrs. Evans, the well known iris lover talked on bearded iris in an enthusiastic, interesting way and brought some rhizomes for distribution.

Mrs. White of La Mesa read a short paper on *Onocylus* and *Regelia Iris*. Mrs. Tuttle very lucidly explained the distinguishing characteristics of the various kinds of iris. Mr. S. Osborne painted such a terrible picture of the diseases and enemies of iris that he might have discouraged us in the planting had we not realized that as many diseases and pests are likely to attack any bulbs, in fact even more likely as I have found by experience. I have over 50 varieties of iris and so far they seem to be doing very well. After all its nothing compared to the multiplicity and variety of diseases that attack mankind and still we have the courage to go on reproducing.

Miss Sessions was conspicuous by her absence so we had no discussion of the various kinds of plants and flowers brought in. There was an exquisite *Crinum* sent in from the park, huge and pink-faced with deep red stripes and under petal coloring, a lovely thing.—N. K. B.

COVERINGS FOR FLOWER POTS

Fashions for the coverings of flower pots in the house change and vary as much as other fashions; a few years ago people used a kind of rush basket work which expanded to suit whatever sized pot it was required for, but somehow the makers never achieved any strikingly artistic design in that line.

Nowadays one sees flower-pots (the common red ones), hidden away in china bowls of all shapes and sizes, all colors, all designs, and certainly there are bowls in the shops to suit almost any taste. So many of us when we are choosing these bowls to hide our flower-pots think only of the color of the room for which we intend them, and forget entirely that we have just bought a gorgeous Cyclamen which will have much of its pleasure taken away if it is placed in an orange bowl, or some such contrary color. It is better to think of the flowers as well as the room if you wish to get a really good effect.

You need not always buy bowls, however, if you don't mind expending a little trouble. Get some empty tins, either square or round ones will do, and cover them with any colored cretonne which suits your fancy, or you can use other suitable materials if you wish, such as linen. It is not at all difficult to do this, and you can quickly and easily make a number of these covers so that you can change them to suit your Daffodils, or Hyacinths or other flowers.—P. K. in Popular Gardening.

LATH HOUSE MATTERS

By Alfred D. Robinson

This year of more than average warmth and dryness has definitely convinced me that the Lathed Garden has arrived, not as a separate unit but as part of the general garden scheme. All during the year folks have asked for advice for incorporating this feature and the MEN have fallen for it because it promises a place to read and smoke. Of course the ancient conception of a chicken coop, glorified perhaps with bowed roof and strangely patterned lath, still lingers and will linger because to do that which has been done is the easiest thing, but lathed pergolas, walled gardens pergola edged and lathed are penetrating our consciousness. Strangely enough rock has had a good deal to do with this growing interest. Folks have seen the beautiful rock our locality offers and they have seen it in lathhouses combined with fern and begonias and they like it. It is reported that the owners of land on the Camp Kearney Mesa have found it necessary to place guards over the red rock there to prevent its total disappearance and some truckers have been taken to court to explain how this red rock jumped into their trucks and threatened to bite them unless they drove off quickly. However, having driven over the most of San Diego County I cannot believe she will run out of rock just yet.

It must not be imagined that I think of the Lathed Garden only in terms of Begonias for I am year by year putting more Begonias out from under the lath and taking other things in. This Fall I have put either quite or partially under lath, primulas, anemones, both kinds tuberous and fibrous, tulips, lilies, forget-me-nots, Nemesis, Schizanthus, Calchortas and pansies of course.

I have brought back my roses in boxes from their summer rest under the shade of an elm tree, where they have been watered enough to prevent withering of the wood but not enough to promote growth. Half the soil was dug out with a trowel and replaced with a mixture heavily loaded with fresh cow manure and steamed bone meal. I pruned them back quite heavily and sprayed with strong Volck and Black Leaf 40. They are arranged in the oval in the sun in my Family Patch and from now on will be kept wet. I hope for roses by Christmas. I found the wood in excellent condition, plump and green. The only one of the eighty not on the job was Mrs. Henry Bowles and I suspect she got too much prohibition.

Am working over the tuberous Begonias and they are not as good as they might be, quite a percentage gone. What I have I am treating with Semesan before packing, should you visit the lathhouse you will be able to identify the hospital smell.

I have not visited with you on the water question lately, I have been concentrating on that new pipe line which was to have been built so quickly when the electioneering was on, but has only now reached the specification stage. To a mere amateur it would seem that it was a darned good thing the old line was not so bad as represented. Probably you have your own thoughts on this, I want now to urge you to thoroughly soak your lathhouse before it rains or even after it rains for our brand is not apt to get down very far, more of a lick and a promise kind of thing so that what you get as a gift may do you some good. I have never seen things so dry, nor the trees and shrubbery so energetic in their search for moisture. Within an incredibly short time roots seek out the hole in every pot placed on the ground and in four months have burrowed under a concrete wall and risen through a two foot terrace on the other side. It is a safe practice to lift every box and pot once a month to head off these marauders.

I am rather exhausted by my efforts to be nice to a correspondent in the far Back East to whom I shipped by Parcel Post a good many kinds of Begonias most carefully packed but which reached her like a Rose Pot Pourri. This I accepted as a chance to quit but I am looking at a letter which dashes my hopes, it came in answer to my offer to cancel the bill if she paid the postage I advanced, it says among other things, "I am only 39 and have good health and no children," she expresses an undying urge to get every Begonia I have and then throws in "I heard a week or so ago from a Begonia grower near here you had 200 kinds of Begonias beside your seedlings you had never offered for sale." How is that for a prospect? Dear male reader what would you do if an unencumbered healthy 39er who has proved her perseverance were camped on your trail? I am betting she would get all you had and you would be thankful she did not send her picture. Anyway she gets her plants in the Spring but by Express for I am convinced that most of our mail clerks have been in baseball and those that have not, starred

in football. There is a man in the florist business in New Jersey who orders his Begonias shipped by Express in a stout wooden box, and quite often the freight is as much as the plants.

Except in special cases I am stopping making cuttings, I know they may grow if I do but the odds are much in favor of weakly plants. The cutting bench or pot is out, in favor of a cutting bed under a spray, this has a compost made up of coarse gravel, leaf mould and sandy loam in equal parts with charcoal salted in, the same mixture I use for potting. This bed is six inches deep raised with redwood edges under the lath and in it this year I have rooted easily many of the so-called delicate kinds that did no good when coddled in sand, however, the Rex leaves won't respond worth a cent and I am quite furious with the authorities who write these plants are easily propagated from leaf cuttings in sand with bottom heat. My heat is not right or maybe I have not the sand. Sand, this is a generic term embracing anything that the truck man has on his truck but I am done to a fine crushed gravel because I think I know what it is. There used to be a part song that mourned about "grey sand and black sand" but I have had them all from white to black and the Rex Begonia rejected them all for incubating and mostly it sniffs at the leaf mould I take out of the safe deposit for its cradle. I have applied alum water, rain water, city water, all kinds of heat and no heat and unless a Rex wants to grow it won't, when it is amiable it will lie on the top of the ground and grow anyhow. I once knew a lady who grew Rexes in the most offhand kind of way. She had a very old greenhouse, very low with moss on everything even on the roof glass and when she wanted another Rex or so she culled a leaf and threw it under the bench and forgot it till the time appointed when she fished out her plant ready to pot. Some day I may get chummy with the Rexes but at present I evidently don't belong to their fraternity or might it be sorority which would explain much.

Water and pray for rain.

A NEW GARDEN BOOK

In Southern California Gardening, Edna Betts Trask has given us something really new, a gardening tabloid. How so evident a gardening enthusiast could be so restrained is difficult to understand, there is not an extra word in the calendar of operations and one could easily learn the whole text month by month. Nevertheless it should prove just what the gardener novice wants. It is for the primary grades and no writer hitherto has been willing or able to teach in these. Moreover it points out a not commonly recognized fault in garden guides and that is they try to tell too much.

GROW CACTI FROM CUTTINGS

The strange and varied forms of the plants which belong to the Cactus family are unequalled by any other members of the vegetable kingdom. These peculiar shapes and structures have been evolved to enable them to adapt themselves to hot, dry desert conditions, where nothing else could exist. These succulent plants have remarkable powers of regeneration; shoots which become broken off by the wind or other agencies fall to the ground and quickly take root. It is, therefore, an easy matter for the gardener to increase his stock of plants by inserting cuttings.

During summer, cuttings root with remarkable rapidity. The side-shoots, whether large or small, should be cut off with a sharp knife and laid on a shelf so that a callus or corky skin is allowed to form over the cut surface. They should then be inserted round the edge of pots filled with a compost consisting of equal parts sharp sand and loam or garden soil, but no water should be given them until the compost becomes dust-dry, then a thorough soaking of rain-water should be applied through a fine-rosed watering can.

At no time will they need to be protected from the sun's rays, and in about eight weeks they will be sufficiently rooted to be placed separately into small pots using a compost of two parts loam, one part broken crocks or brickbats and one part fine silver sand.

The remainder of their cultivation consists of giving them full exposure to sun and air and plenty of water during summer, so that the maximum amount of flowers is produced; and then throughout winter allowing them to rest by withholding water for weeks at a time, so that they receive only sufficient to prevent them from shriveling.

Showy succulent plants which are easily managed are: *Cereus flagelliformis*, *Phyllocactus*, *Rocoea falcata*, *Kalanchoe flammea*, *Gasteria verrucosa* and *Aloe variegata*.—G. F. Gardiner in Popular Gardening.

"FAIRY FERN"

It was in the churchyard at Laleham, the last resting place of Matthew Arnold, that I first saw Helxine used to "keep memory green". This plant, which some call "Fairy Fern," grows very rapidly, and a tiny piece will quickly cover the soil of a large pot with delicate filigree work. Strangely enough, when it was used in the old Westminster Aquarium in 1906, at an exhibition, there was only one among the gardeners who knew it. Since then it has spread to thousands of homes throughout the country. If grown out of doors it will die back in the winter, but usually recovers in the spring unless the winter has been very severe. A moist, well-drained soil and a half shady position are its modest requirements.

—Guild Gardener.

GARDEN PROBLEMS

By Walter S. Merrill

Much has been written on the subject of herbaceous borders, and in nearly every community some would-be landscape gardener makes a specialty of designing and planting them. The garden magazines and the books on gardening all print plans, which look more like crazy patchwork than anything else. These are supposed to indicate schemes of planting which will furnish a succession of bloom during the entire season,—in Southern California this means the whole year,—arranged according to the rules of color harmony, and according to the height to which the plants will grow. Remember that the true herbaceous border should be made principally of perennials; but under the conditions with which we have to contend, it will be found necessary to employ a very large percentage of annuals to keep the border in proper condition.

Such designing is, in itself, very difficult and requires an exact knowledge of the habits of herbaceous plants under given conditions. And far more difficult still is the carrying out of such a plan. For, to be a success, the border must closely approximate perfection. There is little beauty in a border that shows holes and gaps, or that contains plants of poor quality.

Just consider a few of the difficulties. First, as regards height. The bed should rise gradually from the low edging plants to the tall growers used as background. Care must be taken lest too rich or too poor soil affect, to any great extent, the height of the plants. The planting must not be too close, with a resulting spindly growth, nor too scattering with bare ground in sight. The planting must be arranged so that the dry foliage of the dormant and semi-dormant perennials is well hidden under the fresh foliage of other plants. Attention must be given to staking, heading-in and other pruning to give the plants the proper shapes. Without considering any of the other essentials of a successful herbaceous border, it is a difficult and complicated problem simply to grow the plants to the required size and proportions.

The question of color harmony is largely one of taste. There are all sorts of rules for getting the desired effects, largely made up for combining complementary and supplementary colors. But certain color combinations that are pleasing to some are most distasteful to others. I have a friend who gets great pleasure from combining rose-pink with certain shades of brown,—to me a very trying combination.

Others like or dislike greatly such combinations as blue and lavender, or pink and red. Personally I like to classify colors as warm, cool or intermediate. I consider all the reds, orange, brown and red-purple to be warm colors; blue, white, blue-lavender and gray to be cool; and yellow, pink and pink-lavender to be intermediate. I mix the cool colors together indiscriminately; likewise the warm colors; with either I mix the intermediates; but I try not to bring the warm and cool colors too closely together except in rare cases. But wherever individual tastes in colors may lead, the matter of color arrangement in the border is really of much less importance than that of size of plant and succession of bloom. Provided that the plants are good and that there is at all times a wealth of fine blooms, the distribution of colors will be a rather minor factor in determining the success of the border.

Last comes the problem of a constant succession of bloom. If one could have a perfectly proportioned border of plants in full bloom arranged to give pleasing combinations of color, for just one day in the year, it would seem that the gardener had accomplished something decidedly worth while. It would furnish a picture long to be remembered; but it would not be enough to warrant the time and ground given to it. The border must continue to please, with its color and proportions, month after month; and to do so there must always be in reserve plants ready to throw up their flower stalks in place of those that have gone the way of all living things. This can only be done by the most careful attention to the periods of bloom, and to the average time required from seed to flower. Even in the relatively short seasons of the colder countries, this is not easy, and in California, with a never ending garden season, it is practically impossible. We may have a wonder climate, but even it is not reliable enough to enable us to guarantee the out-door growing period of any plant. There is only one way to be absolutely sure of a constant succession of blooming plants for the border, and that is far too expensive for the average garden. By growing a great quantity of all sorts of plants in large pots under glass or lath-work, there will be a supply available for setting into the ground just before blooming, to remain only as long as their blooms are fine, and to give way, at the first signs of shabbiness, to fresh plants.

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By this method, herbaceous borders may be kept constantly in almost perfect condition,—but only by the expenditure of an enormous amount of time and material. Such borders are only for the very rich.

I think that I may say, with little fear of contradiction, that the successful herbaceous border is the most difficult, the most expensive, yet undoubtedly the most beautiful form in which the gardener may give expression to his love of beauty.

W. S. MERRILL.

ONCOCYCLUS and REGELIA IRISES

By Mrs. C. J. Wight

These very beautiful and interesting Irises come originally from Asia Minor, Palestine and Syria; the Susiana probably coming from Persia. They are of difficult culture except under very special conditions. They grow naturally in a climate where the summers are dry and hot, where the winters are cool, and where there is a good supply of moisture during the growing season. It would seem that the climate of Southern California is somewhat similar to their natural home.

The two groups of which we are speaking are the Regelia and the Oncocyclus. The Regelia group is distinguished mainly by comparatively narrow falls and long narrow beard in the flowers and the rootstocks connecting the thickened portions of the under ground parts or corms are long and thin; while the Oncocyclus Iris has wide falls, a widely extended beard and the rootstocks are short and thick.

Much hybridizing has been done between these two groups, and the hybrids are recommended as of easier culture than the parents, and often more beautiful, though not so large, as the Oncocyclus.

The rhizomes of these irises are united by rootstocks of different lengths, varying with the group and species to which they are most closely related: those resembling the Regelia group having comparatively long rhizomes, whereas the Oncocyclus varieties have comparatively short or even congested rhizomes, which are sometimes difficult to separate. Each root of whatever variety has a growing point for the next season's growth centrally situated. On the upper side but not very near to the central point will be other buds which will give next season's new rhizomes. The present well-developed one gradually dies and disappears after it has flowered and gives rise to the new growth which is to blossom and continue the reproduction the next year. The feeding roots grow mainly from the outer and under side of the rhizome.

When the roots are planted the old and useless portions should be eliminated. Decaying and dried shells should all be removed, but do not destroy any part which has a live bud.

We have been told that naturally these Iris should not be planted until very late in the fall, and then they would bloom quickly and the growing season would extend until July. In that way good roots would be the result. We have never been able to keep ours from starting to grow too early and so they grow a lot before blooming and die down more quickly after blooming, thus not giving the roots time to grow as large as they would if they had a longer growing season.

So we plant as late as we can, which may be anytime between Sept. 15th and Nov. 1st, in well drained soil, preferably on a slope. Our soil is decomposed granite. We have used lime on them, though we have performed no experiment to find out whether or not the lime was of benefit.

When they start to grow, look out for aphids. You might lose all your roots from this cause. Spray at once if you see any.

When dormant the roots stand considerable cold and have even lived through the winter at Ottawa, Canada, but when growing they cannot endure much frost.

After they have bloomed in the spring, and the foliage has died down, it is very important that these rhizomes should be taken from the ground and kept in a dry place, or left in the ground without one drop of water during the summer months. They tell us that dry summers are conducive to healthfulness in these plants, because there is opportunity for the callousing or healing over of the line of cleavage between the old decaying growths and the healthy new ones. Where there is humidity and moist soil there is little opportunity for the corms to heal, and the rotting of the older useless portions extends into the newer parts to such a degree that the plants soon fail from root rot.

I feel very incompetent to give advice regarding these Irises because we are very small growers, and our experience has only extended over a period of about three years. We have not conducted any hybridizing experiments. We have only tried to make them grow and bloom successfully.

There are a few rules, however, which I can give that if followed will enable you to grow a few of these wonderful plants in your gardens, if you so desire.

To summarize the results of Dr. Griffiths' experiments with the U. S. Department of Agriculture, the experience of some English growers and our own experience at La Mesa I would say again that they are very exacting in their requirements. If these requirements are not met the results will not be satisfactory.

As we know them, these requirements are as follows:

1. Selection of a well drained soil, preferably coarse in texture.

2. A sunny location.
3. Plant shallow as late in the fall as you can.
4. Remove all dead and useless portions before planting.
5. Removal from the soil or kept perfectly dry in the ground during their dormant season, June, July, August and September, perhaps part of October. This is most important. If you water them during the dormant season you will lose them.
6. Remember that aphids are fatal to them.
7. The application of lime to the soil. Some authorities say that the lime is necessary. Dr. Griffiths in his experiments did not notice any difference by its use.
8. They will not stand much frost when growing.

Those which we have successfully grown are the *Susiana* or Mourning Iris; the *Charon* and the *Flecta*. These have grown, multiplied and bloomed for us. We have several other varieties which have grown but not bloomed. We keep hoping they will and if we keep experimenting perhaps they will.

U. C. L. A. WILL HAVE RARE TREE GARDEN

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 7.—One of the finest collections of cycads on this continent is owned by the University of California at Los Angeles and is now being planted in an especially prepared garden enclosed upon three sides by the Physics-Biology building. The cycad—that rare growth sometimes alluded to as the “missing link” in the plant kingdom—was at one time common over practically the entire earth, according to Dr. O. L. Sponsler, Professor of Botany at the University. As the globe cooled the plant was gradually crowded to the equatorial latitudes until today it is found only in Florida, Cuba, Mexico, Australia, South Africa and southern Japan.

One Plant Especially Rare

One of the plants owned by the University is especially rare, according to Dr. Sponsler. Only one other plant of this species is to be found in the United States, so far as can be determined. There are possibly three or four in England, but the plant is native to South Africa. However, it is scarce even there, says Dr. Sponsler. “I doubt if this plant could be duplicated at a cost of \$5,000,” stated Dr. Sponsler. “It is possible that it might cost \$10,000.”

The collection numbers a dozen plants of five different species, and it is the intention to gradually build up the collection until it will be the finest found anywhere. It is not believed there will be any difficulty in growing the plants out of doors in this climate.

The collection was a gift to the University from the estate of Arthur Letts, in Hollywood.

SOIL MAPS AID IN LOCAL STUDY OF GEOGRAPHY

BERKELEY, Nov. 12.—Soil maps published by the University of California, and prepared by the division of soil technology of its College of Agriculture, are a great help in the study of the local geography of communities in the state, says Prof. O. J. Kern of the School of Education. These soil maps, he points out, are most valuable aids to efficient class instruction, and may be secured from the college without cost.

These soil maps are made of various areas in the state, and those available now cover the following districts: Anaheim, Big Valley, Brawley, Coachella Valley, El Centro, Eureka, Gilroy, Grass Valley, Hollister, Honey Lake, Lancaster, Los Angeles, Lower San Joaquin, Middle San Joaquin, Palo Verde, Pasadena, Riverside, San Diego, San Fernando, San Francisco Bay, Santa Maria, Shasta Valley, Southern California, Upper San Joaquin, Ventura, Victorville, Willits, Woodland.

How Bulletin Is Used

Each soil survey bulletin has a variously colored map of the area surveyed. The colors represent the different agricultural types of soil of the area. The map contains much geographical data as well. This map, in the rural school, should be detached from the bulletin, mounted on cloth or heavy cardboard, and hung up in the school room so that pupils may easily study it, says Professor Kern. By looking at the map the pupils can tell the soil in the district. The printed matter in the bulletin describes each type of soil. The bulletin should be placed in the school library for reference.

The bulletins describe the area under consideration, give data on its climate, character of agriculture, its soils and their formation, the types of soils, irrigation and water supply and drainage and alkali.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA GARDENING

BY EDNA BETTS TRASK

A Book for Amateurs, written in simple language, giving explicit directions for planting in this section of the State.

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1202 N. Holliston Ave.,
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A LETTER FROM MR. W. C. KING

80 Osborne Road,
West Hartlepool,
England.

October 13, 1929.

Dear Readers:

Procrastination is the thief of time, so I had better pen you a few lines before Old Man Procrastination gets me again.

I have before me as I write the first letter I received from "California Garden," signed by Friend Guy T. Keene, and it is dated Dec. 5, 1912. "Gee whiz," how time flies. I have received many kind letters from him and also your present editor and I have preserved every one. I have also every copy of "California Garden" since that date. I cherish them all. They contain many kind thoughts and expressions (especially during the war) to me and mine, and if you have had as much pleasure out of my little contribution as I have had out of these, then I am satisfied and only hope we may live many years to fraternize although a continent and an ocean intervene. Many a time during the cold winter nights I haul them out and enjoy the journey through the years all the way. We have had a glorious summer on this side of the "Pond," the finest for seventy years. Our gardens and greenhouses have been beautiful in spite of a drought for some weeks. All crops have been good and harvests plentiful. Just now our gardens are full of chrysanthemums and a blaze of color. Today is very mild and bright and no sign of rain, although we could do with some. I picked to-day two nice Los Angeles Roses and some California Seedling Dahlias and some California Giant Asters, a wonderful achievement for October. We have not had such a mild autumn for years. Have just finished top dressing my pot roses with Steamed Bone Flour. So that they won't go hungry during the winter, have also got our late blooming Chrysanthemums under glass as frost may come any time now. These will bloom any time during November and December. I see Mr. Merrill is going to start a "Doubts and Difficulties" Dept. Might I suggest that he adopt the principle of "Popular Gardening" and start a column of "Questions and Answers," that is print the question as well as the answer. We find this of enormous benefit over here for two reasons. You answer the query of the party asking, and also benefit some other reader in some other part of the country who wants to know exactly the same thing. You thus save two people's time in writing and replying. Mr. Robinson pays tribute to our snappy little articles. These are made more so by the little snapshots that accompany them. You see at once what Jimmy Jones' garden looks like planted with Roses or Poppies or Carnations

RAINFORD FLOWER SHOP



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and you get the "idea" at once for your own garden and go and do likewise. My daughter and I had a delightful holiday in August in Belgium and Holland. We visited many towns in Belgium, viz: Antwerp, Brussels, Gent, Bruges, Malines, Louvain and Ostend. In most places the boulevards are very wide, lined with beautiful trees and laid out in open places surrounded with flowers. But our most enjoyable time was on the flower farms and bulb farms in Holland. Dahlias and Gladiolas are grown by the millions. You would really wonder where they all went to. I quite agree with Mr. P. Dewars on his remarks about the brown peat of Holland. I was in the Boskoop district a long time and you could nearly "feel" the smell of the lovely brown peat. The hundreds of acres of beautiful Dahlias bore evidence that they revelled in the peat and produced tubers as good as anyone could wish for.

Whilst you are revelling in glorious sunshine we are getting in stocks of wood and coal in preparation for the long cold, dreary nights of frost and snow, but expect some of you don't know what sort of weather that is. Wishing you all the best of luck,

Sincerely yours,
W. C. KING.

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ON GIVING AND RECEIVING PLANTS

Some time ago I was walking with a friend in her garden. To do that is one of the best pleasures in life, even if the garden is only an ordinary one; and this one claimed no special notice because of its modest pretensions. Naming a relation, my friend said: "—has what she calls a LOVE garden." The ring of an ecstatic note in her remark was sufficient to give an old bachelor reason to think furiously. In the pause which my friend might have filled with some explanation, my own mind pictured a sort of earthly paradise; joy and peace embowered in floral arbors; shaded walks beneath the spring verdure of various trees, grass under foot, and birds singing overhead. Quickly dismissing such vision of the setting appropriate for an amorous couple, I could only reply in the monosyllable, "Why?" The answer was: "Because she devotes it entirely to plants given to her by friends." Another and very different vision came to mind—over which I will draw a veil. But I was led thus to think of the particular merit—or demerit—attaching to gifts of plants.

Considering the giver first: often many of us have had opportunity to know him well. In the progress of his gardening he comes across plants which have either done their duty to him or failed to do so, probably through no fault of their own. "Ah!" says Donor, "I will send these to old Hortus; he will be glad to have them, but if not, he can pass them on to his neighbor, Cultor." Well, this may be or may not be so. Delicacy of feeling may operate against the parcel being thrown onto the rubbish heap when it arrives, or the contents may include some much desired seedling or plant which, in new surroundings and under proper treatment, may flourish to the extent of making Donor say to himself on seeing it afterwards: "I was a fool to give that away." Yet Donor never gives of his best, of course. Do not blame him for that; to do so would display notable ignorance of human nature. But

do not be too hard upon Donor. He, too, has to suffer and endure. Imagine him in his large and interesting garden showing, with pardonable pride, an uncommon variety of rock plants; attractive herbaceous borders and other rare and valued treasures, which give an equal pleasure to show or to see, upon which one or more of his guests—the "enthusiastic" are the most troublesome—will exclaim: "Oh! How lovely! Do give me a 'bit' of this—or that!"; a request repeated half a dozen times during the inspection. Poor Donor! He is thus bothered into giving or refusing to reduce his possession of much-prized plants or to part with "just a few of those bulbs." To comply might mean pulling about a symmetrical and well-grown drift or clump to gratify one who neither could, nor would, bestow proper treatment upon the gift. That has often happened. Of course, cuttings taken at the proper time need not involve a depreciation of beauty. (An expression of Donor's inmost feelings would be deleted by the Editor's blue pencil.) However, here is the counsel of perfection in the matter of giving worthily to a worthy recipient. (It may not be out of place to say that I have practiced what I preach.) Make a note of the request, and if a present of the seed does not meet the case, as often it may, buy the plant—shall we say, as many as possible—from the nurseryman (good for him) and thus gratify the applicant. What a delight to the latter on receiving the little pots of coveted plants!—unexpectedly in this way. If the recipient is poor how can the gift be over-valued? Thus given, it will be valued more than if represented by the asked for "bits". And suppose the applicant to be what is called "well-to-do," the gift thus bestowed will, one may hope, supply an object-lesson of encouragement to go and do likewise in similar circumstances. At any rate, to close with a warning to old Hortus, or to his friend, Cultor: the making of a "love" garden may be as risky a business as other "love" adventures may be.—Criticus in Gardening Illustrated.

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FLOATING FLOSS IS SPIDER WEBS, DECLARE U. C. PROFESSORS

BERKELEY, Nov. 7.—An army of little spiders out to see the world by balloon almost caused the famous volcanoes of the Hawaiian Islands to be branded as public nuisances by the people of Healdsburg and surrounding districts along the Russian River.

This fact was revealed today by members of the departments of vertebrate zoology and entomology at the University of California, as a result of correspondence with H. R. Bull, supervising principal of schools at Healdsburg, concerning a recent shower of floating white floss that greeted Sunday morning church crowds.

Floss Drifts Down

The floss drifted down, filling the air, as if it had just been blown across the Pacific. As the last visitation of such material 14 years ago came during an eruption of Mt. Lassen, it is said, the people advanced the theory that it might be a volcanic phenomenon.

But Mr. Bull and Miss Frieda Stahl collected samples of the ethereal substance and sent it to President W. W. Campbell at the university. President Campbell turned it over to Dr. E. Raymond Hall, curator of mammals in the Museum of Vertebrate Zoology, who communicated with Prof. W. B. Herms of the entomology division of the College of Agriculture.

Fine Spider Webs

Examination of the substance under a microscope showed that it was composed of fine spider web. In fact the shed skin of a microscopic young spider was found imbedded in the sample received by the university.

It was impossible to discover just what variety of spider made the webs, but Professor Herms states that it belongs to the general group known popularly as "balloon" spiders, of which there are some fifteen species in North America.

Balloon Webs Not Uncommon

In a letter to Bull Dr. Hall said: "The floating masses are formed by the spider's expelling of a few strands into the air from some high perch and then floating away on the ma-

terial after which more thread may be spun in the air. The larger masses you mention result from the accidental union in the air of the floating webs of more than one individual. This ballooning habit seems to be an adaptation by which the young spiders distribute themselves in autumn. A similar fall of spider balloon material was noted October 9 of last year, between Berkeley and Sacramento.

"From my own observations of this fallen balloon material noted October 14, on a drive from southern Mendocino County to San Francisco, as also from several other samples sent to the university from the northern coastal region the past week, it appears that the balloon webs are abundant from Tomales Bay, Marin County, northward well into Mendocino County."

GARDEN CHAIRS AND TABLES

Many Kinds to Choose From

Of garden furniture there are two kinds—the movable, which may be packed away in winter, and the immovable. The question is, which sort to have in the garden. Stone, of course, may be very beautiful if good designs are chosen, but unless well covered with cushions and rugs, it is not very comfortable.

In choosing tables and chairs, one should be careful to think of the type of garden for which they are wanted—whether it is large or small, formal or informal. Nothing looks more out of place and unattractive than crude straight backed chairs, in a semi-wild and informal garden. There are many designs, nowadays, from which to choose, and, although it is true that those pieces which are turned out in large quantities in similar design, are cheaper, yet it would seem worth while to pay the little extra for a quaint old-fashioned or picturesque pattern. A beautiful corner of the garden is chosen as a suitable place for tea, or for sitting in, when the weather is kind; why mar it with some hideous table or ugly chairs if furniture of good craftsmanship may so easily be obtained?

There are many good designs in cane, wattle, and osier, to be bought at low prices; some people complain that these are difficult to keep clean, but a good wash with soap and water three or four times every summer is all that is needed, and will do them no harm as long as you dry them well in the sun afterwards. Wood will be freshened up from time to time with a coat of paint, but teakwood should not be painted; a good cleaning and afterwards oiling, suits it best.

Stone is very much more expensive, and attractive designs cost more than in wood. Iron is not so much used nowadays, but can look well if care is taken where it is placed.—Phyllis Kelway in *Popular Gardening*.

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